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Biography and Memoirs

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

Chips—The Diaries of Sir Henry Channon. Edited by Robert Rhodes James. 495pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.3s.

Charming Chips Channon met brilliant Emerald Cunard at the Dorchester. He said to her: "When royalty comes in, friendship flies out of the window." She said to him: "Christianity is only for servants." He gave her his best bibelot; she gave him an inspired triviality. The consequences were that Chips's Garter went west; and the world said: "Quelle journée!"

These items have been chipped out of this gold-jacketed volume of extracts from Sir Henry Channon's diaries, for the life that emerges has much of the irrationality and unreality of a game of Consequences. The first extract is for February 12, 1934: "Diana Cooper rang me with the dawn and in her fog-horn voice announced that the King of the Belgians had been killed"; and the last for November 18, 1953: "I gave a cocktail party for King Umberto." In between there is such an entertaining of royalty, drinking of Krug, charming of duchesses, sparkling of diamonds and nodding of tiaras, that the middle-class reader risks the fate that befell Mrs. Simpson of being "literally smothered in rubies." To keep his head above the jewels and champagne he must firmly grip some solid facts. Channon was born in Chicago in 1897; came over to Europe in 1917 with the American Red Cross; went to Oxford; wrote two novels and a history of the Habsburgs; entered Parliament in 1935, and from 1938 to 1941 was P.P. to R. A. Butler, then Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. But the three most solid facts are that Channon was rich, was English by adoption, and that he kept a diary.

He was rich in America because his Chicago grandfather made a fortune in shipping. He was rich in England because he married a Guinness. He belonged, he told his diary, "definitely to the order of those that HAVE—and through no effort of my own, which is such a joy." He had a handsome country house in Essex and a town house in Belgrave Square whose dining-room was a copy of the blue room of the Amalienburg near Munich. He bought Fabergé objects and was "sick with envy" of the Fragonards and Sevres he found in a Rothschild home. He found it "very difficult to spend less than £200 a morning when one goes out shopping" and considered R. A. Butler mean for occasionally taking a bus. Clothes rationing found him with forty suits—the great Gatsby! He gave money to Alfred Douglas whom he found poor and ill in Brighton, and bibelots to his friends. In middle age he discovered "a new unexpected joy" in accumulating money. Distracted in 1945 that his shares had dropped £5,000 when Labour came in, shocked

at the "class legislation" of the 1948 Cripps budget, he was yet reassured by his accountants that "I shall not be completely ruined by the wicked Capital Levy."

He chose to be English because, like Mrs. Simpson, he found that Americans "have no air"; he preferred "this great island people." To his diary he confesses his "faith in Old England" and applauds "the gentlemen of England" though alas, with Attlee as Prime Minister, "The England I loved and won and love still, is dying." England, from his diaries, means the Royal Family, Society, and Parliament, where he represented Southend (a Guinness seat since 1918) from 1935 till his death in 1958. "This is what we have been fighting for," he tells Lady Cunard at a "fashionable, carefree" wedding reception in 1946. (To her credit she answers: "Are they all Poles?") Very few excursions are recorded out of this England into any other. When the hunger-marchers arrive in London in 1936—having, though he doesn't mention it, been helped by sympathizers on this last lap—he is "amused to see strings of taxis depositing the walkers at St. Stephens." Visiting Southend the day after a raid in 1942 with people killed and badly injured, he finds the town "rather excited, even stimulated... like a woman who has just been ravished."

Society—sometimes cleft by Mrs. Simpson or Munich—is numerous enough to fill the Amalienburg room in Belgrave Square or the Dorchester in wartime ("found half London there"); but dwindles sadly after the war with the deaths of Lady Cunard and Mrs. Corrigan. "London society has had a horrible blow. There is only me left."

Parliament means being in the know and first with the news. ("I wish I sometimes understood what I was voting for, and what against.") There is no word of political ideas or discussion of political measures—only political emotions that the Left must be kept out and (before May, 1940) Winston, too. Chamberlain—who, flying off to Munich, seems "the reincarnation of St. George" and six months later "foresees no crisis on the horizon"—is Channon's hero. So there is irritation at the pogrom in Germany in November, 1938, for always makes Chamberlain's task more difficult. Chamberlain's fall in May, 1940, on "the darkest day in English history" is seen in terms of intrigue ("cheated and outwitted") and not of the needs of a nation in danger. When the House stands in silence after hearing of the extermination of the Jews in Eastern Europe, Channon thinks of the gesture—"sublime", "a fine moment"

—and not of the event which occasioned it.

Such a standpoint produces strange judgments and strange flights of fancy. Here is such a flight, in the entry for November 10, 1942 (just after Alamain and the landings in North Africa):

I want to be a Peer. There are many ways of becoming one. The quickest would be for Leslie Hore-Belisha to become Prime Minister, and to do that he would first have to be a Conservative. So I had a confidential chat with him, and later walked from Westminster to Stafford Place with him, trying to persuade him by every means in my armoury, to go over to the Tory party. He was surprised.

Here are some of the judgments. What is wrong with Frau Ribbentrop is not her views, but her dowdy dresses. Kipling is far too dowdy and middle-class. Virginia Woolf, though "she did much indirectly to make England so Left", yet always "remained a lady", yet always "a gentleman, or nearly so". (On Mrs. Attlee Channon turns "the full battery of my charm.") William Temple is "a fat fool of 63 with a fuddled, muddled brain". Hugh Walpole is "noisy, common and uninteresting, and quite devoid of the rarities—the volubility almost—that make an English gentleman, such as Thomas-made boots and Elton-made infections". (This is picked out by the editor as a sharp portrait.) And André Gide—though this is Proust's view—was never smart. Alas for the writers: a dowdy lot all except for Somerset Maugham.

Channon kept a diary for over thirty years—much longer, he notes, than Pepsy. In 1940 he buried the volumes in a tin box, along with "my best bibelots"; after the war he took them to "a special strong-room in the British Museum". Sometimes he wondered why he kept the diary at all: "to relieve my feelings? Console my old age? Or to dazzle my descendants?" The last seems the most likely; the kind of writing implies an audience which is to be impressed. Though he is not too strong on plain grammar ("The Marlboroughs, who I am becoming very fond of," between him and I "he displays a variety of rhetoric. There is the archaic—Sir James Barrie and Lady Cunard lie a-dying and the diarist is up betimes; the biblical—"weary unto death" (after the birth of his son); the social—"the cream of Peruvian society" (to hear Mussolini in 1934); the high-falutin—"Oxford captured in blossom"; the inflated—"48 hours social crucifixion" (of a boring weekend). We have the Apocalyptic—"Goodbye, wonderful Coronation summer!" and the Personalistic—"Death, who has been on holiday" (this was October, 1944—a month after Anheim) "bagged both

old Princess Beatrice, the Queen of Spain's mother and the Archbishop of Canterbury today." Earlier "the Reaper has bagged Elinor Glyn". Words pair off expectedly—thence, totter, hearts throb, a diary is penned. "What a writer I could have been," he says as he rereads the review of his first novel. But indeed he is, with a place secure beside St. Salteena.

There are odd points about the editing. Some of the footnotes are redundant: when Channon writes, in the summer of 1939, "I gather it has now been decided not to embrace the Russian bear, but to hold out a hand and accept its paw gingerly", he thinks of a more apt simile for the half-hearted Anglo-Russian negotiations of 1939; yet when Channon makes a mistake, saying for instance that Lord Grey of Fallodon was Ambassador to Washington (page 370), or confusing (page 117) the League of Nations with the League of Nations Union, the editor does not correct him. The odd thing though is why his son—his "dolphin" as he calls him—has allowed the diaries to be published at all. Does he want his father to be judged by such entries as—

8 July 1936. George Gage landed, and was entrancing about his visit to Germany last year, when he was received by Ribbentrop, Hitler, and escorted everywhere by Storm Troopers. Honor and I can now hardly wait.

11 March 1938. An unbelievably day in which two things occurred. Hitler took Vienna and I fell in love with the Prime Minister.

25 November 1947. My own 53rd dinner for the Queen of Rumania and the Queen of Spain. I "laced" my cocktails with Benzidine, which I had always makes a party go.

There must have been an attractive side to Channon. He had many lively friends, he won the regard of Walter, who stayed with him for weeks in the war, he was, according to his editor who watched him in the House, well liked by other members. Little of this comes through in this volume. We warm to the diarist who gives himself away, who is aware of his vanities and honestly records them. When Boswell exposes himself it is one who has fallen short of the mark he would like to be, a man of great insights and aspirations. He wants to be popular but he also wants to be good. When Channon exposes himself—"Only a few years ago I was handsome, lustful, a favourite of Court, a protégé of Mr. Chamberlain's, a millionaire, happy at the Foreign Office; now I am none of these things"—it is not the failure that is shabby, it is the original aspirations: more bibelots, more jewels, more Queens to dine.

Fiction

KNOW ANY GOOD TORTURES? BLOCKED DRAIN

VICTOR KOLPACOFF: *The Prisoners of Quai Dong*. 214pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

DON CARPENTER: *Blade of Light*. 143pp. Arthur Barker. 18s.

JOHN LEONARD: *Wyke Regis*. 271pp. Gollancz. 30s.

When a Western army fights against anti-born guerrillas, one of the most painful consequences is the torture of prisoners by over-obedient "civilized" Torture was, officially, condoned by the British in Cyprus, and by the French in Algeria, and all three armies were each less likely to torture, say, German prisoners in the anti-Nazi war: some information can be extorted from guerrillas, who rely on surprise attacks, than from the ill-informed scrupulous regular armies. Yet, besides being indecent, the practice is counter-productive, since the guerrillas are confirmed in their hatred and contempt for the foreign invaders; further, those soldiers who torture in the torture feel dirtier, their morale crumbles, some of them will inform journalists or themselves write propaganda against their own government.

Victor Kolpacoff's cold, single-minded account of the torture of a Vietnamese by Americans and their local allies is by no means sadistic. He is describing the kinds of American who are most likely to do the job. There is an obedient Negro ranker, disgusted and liable to faint; a thug called Sergeant McGruder; a W.A.S.P. officer, Lieutenant Buckley; a stockade prisoner named Krueger, who may win back his old rank through obedience. This seems a fair cross-section of the American "military-police"—though racial factors are rarely referred to explicitly.

The title, *The Prisoners of Quai Dong*, supports the author's suggestion that all those involved in this atrocity are equally trapped and helpless. This is a common meta-

phor for the American involvement in Vietnam; but it is only a metaphor. The Vietnamese prisoner cannot stop being tortured; the Americans can stop torturing him if they want to. There is a suggestion that the Vietnamese, who delude the interrogators and manages to kill himself, is more "free" than they. This is doubtless true in a sense—abstract and metaphysical. It might be helpful if Americans were to adopt a more natural and materialistic approach to the question of physical cruelty.

An equally cold account of cruelty is Don Carpenter's *Blade of Light*; but it lacks point. The principal character is an American boy called Semple who is ugly and uncoordinated, bad at fighting and equipped with bad teeth and skin. The author records his deficiencies with effortless disgust. Semple loves Harold Hunt, who has beautiful brown eyes and a remarkable interest in causing Semple the maximum humiliation. He punishes him very hard, has him stripped by a mob, forces a billiard ball down his throat. Semple enters a mental home, strangles a girl, meets Harold in later life and so disgusts him that the cruel beloved falls from a window to his death. The author perhaps deserves some credit for making this ritual of pain almost, but not quite, believable.

"Do you know any good tortures?" asks a girl in *Wyke Regis*. "I collect tortures. Last week I found an awful torture they do in the Middle East." The man she is talking to laughs at her. He is a good American, easy to identify with. He works for a liberal radio station, due for investigation by the official anti-Communists. He is brave and intellectual, sporty and amusing, capable of dignity when necessary—a little too good to be true. He is sardonic about the Left, studying "authentic Batista atrocity pictures".

They gloated over their glossy atrocity pictures, and Cynthia snorted: "Marx! Poor old King of the Caribuncles! He should have known the dialectic is basically a sexual act, and sometimes a sex crime."

But the villains are decidedly on the Right, headed by a powerful intellectual editor with the face of a prophet and the fervent anti-Communism of an ex-member. Interested in the nation's decadence, this monster studies the case of a boys-school teacher accused of psychological therapy through homosexual acts. Finding his own son involved, the monster brings out a riding-crop and the boy hangs himself. True virtue is represented by a distinguished old New England family, easy-going, liberal and tradition-conscious. This far-fetched and undemanding novel is over-supplied with literary references but readable and decent.

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"Do you know any good tortures?" asks a girl in *Wyke Regis*. "I collect tortures. Last week I found an awful torture they do in the Middle East." The man she is talking to laughs at her. He is a good American, easy to identify with. He works for a liberal radio station, due for investigation by the official anti-Communists. He is brave and intellectual, sporty and amusing, capable of dignity when necessary—a little too good to be true. He is sardonic about the Left, studying "authentic Batista atrocity pictures".

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Medieval Studies

SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT . . .

OLIVE SAYCE (Editor): *Poets of the Minnesang*. 318pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £3 5s.

BARBARA GARVEY SEAGRAVE and WESLEY THOMAS: *The Songs of the Minnesingers*. 232pp. University of Illinois Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £5 15s.

Poets of the Minnesang presents an anthology of the German lyric of the period 1150-1400 and begins with an introduction which, with remarkable compression, includes in a few pages a survey of the historical development, the Provençal influence, the conventions of courtly love, poetic genres, *topoi* and imagery common among the Middle High German poets, the musical and metrical basis of the poetry and the manuscript tradition. There follows a selection of texts from twenty-six *Minnesinger* preceded by nine of the anonymous poems. A short general introduction accompanies each poet's work, while a quarter of the book is devoted to more detailed notes on the edited stanzas including in each case an analysis of the metrical form. Apart from the index of first lines, the work concludes with a glossary which appears to incorporate each Middle High German word in the text with an English translation and at least one reference to its usage.

The editing and annotation of the texts include no new material but the editor's judgment can almost always be trusted in her balanced assessments of previous scholarly opinion. What emerges most clearly from the anthology in spite of a high degree of conventional and formulaic expression is the enormous variety of emotion conveyed by *minne*. This is apparent not only in the broad development within the tradition from the mutual, fulfilled love portrayed in the earliest lyrics to the one-sided spiritualized adoration of the lady by the poets of the high courtly period, leading in turn to Walther von der Vogelweide's plea for a more natural and reciprocal relationship between the sexes. The diversity of feeling appears also in the highly

individual treatment of many poets regardless of their precise place within the chronological scheme. The superficial eclecticism of Heinrich von Volke, contrasting with the ethical conflicts of Friedrich von Hausen and Hartmann von Aue, their allegiance divided between service of the lady at home and service of God on the Crusade; the light-imagery of Heinrich von Morungen, dazzled by the radiance of his lady's presence and at the same time prey to a morbid introspection which borders on insanity and death; the very human mingling of tenderness and sensuality in the verses of the Kurenberger, perhaps the most sympathetic of all these poets in his ability to convey equally the attitude of both female and male partners to their relationship; the melancholy languishing of Reinmar von Hagenau, torn between vain service of the unattainable lady and the awareness that only by constant devotion can he hope to achieve even the slightest progress on the way towards the reward which he hardly dares to express—though even Reinmar, the most notable German exponent of the theory of courtly love with its emphasis on unreciprocated adoration by the lover, can on occasion adopt the pose of the dialogue (*Wechsel*) and the address to the messenger (*Botenlied*) in which the woman is permitted to express affection; the greater didactic emphasis and concern with formal virtuosity among the lesser poets with which the selection concludes; these are but some of the more striking variations within the tradition of *Minnesang*.

The German *Minnesinger* undoubtedly represent one of the finest epochs of medieval literature, but the class of reader for whom this anthology is intended is somewhat difficult

to determine. The general reader approaching this poetry for the first time would probably need more than a good knowledge of modern German and the glossary and notes to help him, and the editor provides a translation of only the more difficult passages. The professional scholar is at once limited by the selective nature of the book; under the names of the Kurenberger, Kaiser Heinrich, Gottfried von Strassburg and Wolfram von Eschenbach appear all the lyrics attributed to these poets with any degree of certainty, but with the other authors one can only hope that any particular stanza has been edited. A hard-back edition at this price can scarcely be recommended for the undergraduate market.

The decline of *Minnesang* is suggested here both by the inferior quality of the later poetry and by the shorter selection from each author, accompanied by a contraction of the critical comment. This was clearly the editor's intention, but one occasionally feels that the anthology of the more famous earlier poets has suffered in consequence: twenty poems could not adequately suggest the importance of Walther von der Vogelweide in any selection (perhaps it would have been preferable here to replace the political and religious poetry by stanzas concerned with *minne* as such), and the terse style in which Mrs. Sayce is obliged to couch her notes sometimes forces her to be excessively dogmatic, as in the case of the Kurenberger's falcon song, where even a full page of comment does less than justice to the "many widely differing interpretations" which in her own words exist beside the particular one she prefers. The book is a sound piece of scholarship which gives a careful survey of the material the editor chooses to present, but Mrs. Sayce ignored the last thirteen poets (precisely half the named authors represented) and concentrated her critical energies on a complete edition of the classical period, she might have produced an annotated English rival to the stan-

dard text of Kraus, *Des Minnesingers Frühling*, which would have found ready acceptance among medievalists everywhere.

The Songs of the Minnesingers is a handsome and large book, about eleven inches square, and in the end-pocket is contained a gramophone record on which a selection of the songs printed are performed. Scattered through the text are many pictorial illustrations, though these are mostly without caption, and there is no list of illustrations. Also scattered through the letterpress are many musical examples. The section devoted to Walther von der Vogelweide contains nine lyrics in musical settings, and of these several appear in more than one version, bringing the total to twelve music examples. These are given in large, clear print, with the original German text, and with adequate captions.

Unfortunately, the organization of this book and the accuracy of the research behind it are far from perfect. On page 23 there is a facsimile of a page from a Berlin manuscript (now deposited at Tübingen), giving the lyric "Winter dinu meil" without incipit, transcription, or reference to any other part of the volume. There is a transcription of this lyric, an English translation, and a commentary without any reference to the facsimile. The index of lyrics also omits mention of the facsimile. We are given three different transcriptions of the lyric "Nu alrest", namely, that offered by Schering in 1931, that by Friedrich Gennrich in 1924, and again by Gennrich in 1940. The endpapers of the book contain the notes for the gramophone record which includes "Nu alrest", but there is no reference to the transcription and discussion of the song, nor any indication which of the three versions has been used. For those songs for which no music examples are offered the original German text is omitted, and only the English translation given. This is a grave shortcoming: in so lavish a volume, not cheaply priced,

parallel German and English texts are obligatory. Walther's most famous poem, "Unter den Linden" appears only in translation. Moreover, the authors give no indication why some lyrics are provided with music examples and others not. It is true that in many cases the melodies have survived, but the reader should be informed, and not left to guess it.

The introduction endeavours to sketch the general background and, in some cases, the assessment of the chivalric tradition is acceptable as an instance of "vulgarisation". At other times the authors' judgment is indecorably naive, as when we are treated to a definition of *minne* as "an emotional passion which is both physical and spiritual", which is "on the one hand a secularization of the adoration of the Virgin Mary . . . on the other hand . . . a refinement and sublimation of the drives and virtues of ancient pagan times". Why only ancient and pagan?

Finally, there is the business of scholarly accuracy. One example must suffice. In the section on monasteries and cloisters we are told that the best known of the songs in praise of Mary is perhaps the *Mariendân* of Melk, an Austrian choral composition of the early twelfth century. A polyphonic composition of the early twelfth century would not be "choral". One of the meanings of the German term *Choral* is "chant". It is true that the Melk MS. 383 (the Codex J 1) contains the text of a famous lyric, the "Mariendân" and that on the margin a later hand has written some music. For the past half-century, scholars have known that this marginal music has no connection with the "Mariendân" but that it belongs to a popular fourteenth-century French ballad. One needs only consult *Archiv für Musikwissenschaft*, V (1923); Machaut, *Werke* (1928); G. Adler, *Handbuch der Musikgeschichte* (1930); F. Krumpholtz, *Die Musikalische des Papst Codex (I) 1931*; *Unsere Heimat*, series, VII (1934).

Art and Music

ROMANTIC LANDSCAPES

MARTIN HARDIE: *Water-Colour Painting in Britain. II: The Romantic Period*. Edited by Dudley Snelgrove with Jonathan Mayne and Basil Taylor. 244pp. Batsford. £6 6s.

The second volume of Martin Hardie's *magnum opus* covers, in four chapters, the years in the first half of the nineteenth century when the technique was at its peak. The great names are each given a chapter: Turner, Constable, Colman, the Varleys, Cox, De Wint and Copley Fielding. One on the Norwich school includes Crome, E. T. Daniell and Henry Bright. There is a short introduction on the foundation of the water-colour society is described with its Gilpin and James Ward, and the Association of Artists with its members Luke Clennell, Thomas Bewick, the Chalmers, Joseph Powell and Thomas Sydney Cooper, C.V.O. (who could hardly be described as cow-painter ordinary to the Queen and Prince Consort). The chapter on Samuel Palmer includes Linnell, Calvert and the rather lesser figure Francis Oliver Finch, while that on Bonington naturally discusses T. Shottor.

So far, the author has followed the usual form very closely. The first volume was marked *allegro*, with this he moves into a grander and assured *adagio*. It remains to be seen in the last volume due for publication next autumn, whether he will treat the Victorians in a *scherzo* or *rondo*. But partly because of the superiority of his language and partly because he has not to cover so many artists, the treatment is now majestic. In each essay he words all that is needed to be known about the artist's life, with quotations from letters, a judgment by contemporary and modern critics such as Ruskin or Oppé and, most important of all, a detailed analysis of the technique.

As a painter himself, he is well qualified to do this, and his descriptions are lucid (as one had come to expect from the first part of the work). This clarity also informs his judgment. Three brief examples will convey his style. Here he is on Turner:

While Constable painted midday and afternoon, Turner studied the miracle of dawn, when all nature is hushed and in transient gleams quivering and shivering in a mist of smoke and gold, and the more rarely seen miracle of dawn, when life that has been passive and suspended, begins to glow with a new faint flush like a child waking from sleep.

On Constable:

Whatever is solid is enveloped in atmosphere; whatever is static is used to enhance an element of motion. Looking at a Constable gives the experience as of looking up into the sky, that the earth is really spinning and moving.

On Colman:

His line is not merely a boundary to a patch of colour, but a boundary to the space left between the masses or patches of dark and light. Nature, actually, has no outline: Colman was always perceptive of the left spaces, whether he was painting.

Dr. Lin Yutang's anthology, a triumph of his clean English style, begins with Confucius and closes with the eighteenth century. It is rather a selection from the table talk and the kind though firm advice of China's artists than a complete statement of theory, which perhaps even China has not accomplished. Dr. Lin Yutang's introduction is largely historical, and for conciseness with so wide and

was drawing architecture or pure landscape.

His trees are drawn with a series of sheer conventions for the nearer foliage, not the large loops of Gainsborough, but a set of smaller loops like a bunch of bananas, repeated over and over again.

This extract gives the essence of his treatment, his sometimes wry humour and his acuity as a critic, with his sharpness due to his own experience in this medium. For this reason, we can trust him absolutely on the use of gum by Bonington, a process actually barred by the Old Water-Colour Society. And there is sound sense in his recounting the tale of Squire Fawkes sitting beside Turner watching the paper being "soaked, bliveted, daubed, rubbed and scratched with the thumbnail, until at length beauty and order broke from chaos".

For the first time the question of contemporary faking is raised. Bonington died, not yet twenty-six, in 1828, and in spite of his large output, as early as 1831 there was a flood of imitations. It is reassuring to note that the editors have consulted Dr. Spencer, the present-day specialist on Bonington. In 1905 a young lady

used to call at houses with a sob-story about Cox treasures given to her grandfather, from which she had to part. In this case the girl and her father, the artist, were eventually arrested and "received severe sentences of imprisonment".

Martin Hardie is careful, even too careful, not to reveal where his own preferences lie, unless, perhaps, with Palmer, and the reader will not find easily final judgments on favourite painters. This is perhaps well, with a book that is intended to remain a standard work. The four colour plates are excellently reproduced. Can Lyons ever have looked as glamorous as Turner has made it? The collotype black-and-white illustrations render a little of the softness of the originals. One realizes, of the works which are well known, that they give only a faint idea of the richness of the original colour. The many more reproductions that will be new to the reader will make him wonder what the dark images conceal. For instance, the famous Samuel Palmer "In a Shoreham Garden" from the Victoria and Albert Museum gives only a hint of the depth and thickness of colour of the original.

EASTERN AESTHETICS

HENRI L. JOLY: *Legend in Japanese Art*. 623pp. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. £8 15s.

LIN YUTANG: *The Chinese Theory of Art*. Translations from the Masters of Chinese Art. 244pp. Heinemann. 35s.

SADAMI YAMADA: *Brushwork of the Far East*. Sumi-e Techniques. 151pp. Batsford. £3 3s.

The stately volume in which Henri Joly compiled his directory of the extraordinary multitude of superstitions and traditions employed by artists and craftsmen of Japan in the wide variety of their productions appeared first in 1908. It is primarily a book for collectors, whether they are mainly interested in sword hilts, small lacquer boxes or coloured wood engravings. There seems no end to the representations of legendary and preternatural figures in them all. The new edition of Joly is plentifully illustrated in colour and in black-and-white and while it was never meant to comprehend every small point, the text with scores of pictures may be called a masterpiece of its kind.

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varied a field to cover it is indeed laudable. This handbook also is duly illustrated in colour and black-and-white. The editor often makes his own comments: for example, as the eighteenth century passes: "Some of the eccentric art was just blotches of colour and ink. It was always possible to create a clownish effect and call it a new school, besides which it was much easier to execute, not needing the usual disciplines."

Dr. Yamada's book is a summary of disciplines for those who would use a brush and Chinese ink on white paper. Ink is here something of a deceptive term. It is considered in Far Eastern aesthetics to have five colour values. Then, "the areas must not be thought of as merely paper without any significance. [They] have a profound meaning, for they give the painting a sense of spatial depth, they produce a sense of elegance and refinement. . . . The illustrations include some 200 examples of the sumi-e techniques, Dr. Yamada is of course not only a leading professor of art but an artist fortunate in vision as in those techniques.

HÒ, XU, XANG, XÊ, CÔNG

TRAN VAN KHÊ: *Việt-Nam*. 224pp. 29 plates. Paris: Buchet-Chastel.

TRAN VAN KHÊ's book on the music of Vietnam is part of the series "Les Traditions Musicales", under the general editorship of Alain Daniélou. TRAN VAN KHÊ, born in 1921 in South Vietnam, is obviously one of the main, if not the main, interpreters for the western student of the music of Vietnam. He is particularly fitted for this role both by native background and by extensive studies in the west. The author received his doctorate in musicology from the Sorbonne and has been connected with various French bodies that are concerned with Oriental music, notably the re-education of the Institut de Musicologie de Paris, of the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique and of Unesco.

The main sources of music in Vietnam are the Chinese and the Indian, and the gradual ascendance of the former. By the nineteenth century these and other influences had been amalgamated, to a degree that entitles the observer to speak of specifically Vietnamese music. The danger now is that this indigenous music may rapidly be destroyed by the massive importation of occidental music, both on the serious and the entertainment levels. Towards the preservation and knowledge of the native tradition, the present book makes a valuable contribution, aided by gramophone recordings in the Unesco collection, "Anthologie Musicale de l'Orient".

Particularly interesting to western observers are the various musical notations of Vietnam, usually conveyed by ideograms, as in the Chinese tradition. Since the beginning of the twentieth century a syllabic notation, using the Latin alphabet (hò, xu, xang, xê, công, &c.), has been employed, and there are even more recent experiments. Another interesting avenue has been that of tablature notation, either for lute or for cittern. (Both ideographic and tablature notations are illustrated on plates 26-

28.) The author has many informative points to make about the pentatonic nature of the melodies, the variation technique to which these melodies are subjected, and the improvised preludes by which they are preceded. By and large, the music consists of a single line, and both harmony and counterpoint in the western sense are absent. But there is a noticeable degree of heterophony, that is, a simultaneous performance of several variants of the basic melody.

Editions de Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique have published *Performing Arts Libraries and Museums of the World*, a second edition of the bilingual reference book previously called *Performing Arts Collections*. (Price, 90fr. Distributed in the United States by Theatre Arts Books, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, price \$18.50.) Three hundred and ten collections in thirty countries are now described in full detail.

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Modern History

THE JUNKERS AND THE UNIONS

GERALD D. FELDMAN: *Army, Industry and Labor in Germany 1914-1918*. 572pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £5.
ANDREAS DORPALEN: *Hindenburg and the Weimar Republic*. 506pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4 16s.

Historians writing of Germany's national efforts in the First World War have too exclusively studied its military and political aspects and paid little attention to the no less important economic aspect in which the relations between the Imperial Government and the Supreme Command on the one hand and labour and industry on the other played a paramount role. No historian before Professor Feldman has so exhaustively and critically examined those complex relations as he has now done with exemplary clarity in an interesting book indispensable for future historians of the First World War.

After briefly describing socio-political conditions in Germany before 1914, and then the effect upon the national life of the re-enforcement when war broke out of the antiquated Prussian Law of Siege of June 4, 1851, by which the whole country was placed under a virtual military dictatorship, Professor Feldman considers the dilemmas of total war confronting the German Government and Supreme Command and the policies pursued between 1914 and 1916 by the Prussian War Ministry in regard to production, manpower, and social questions in an endeavour to escape from these dilemmas. His examination has led him to the conclusion as inescapable as it is surprising that "the chief support for the policies of the War Ministry, once regarded as the centre of militarism and reaction, came from the left rather than the right". Nor was the reason far to seek since "only the War Ministry had proved itself capable of ignoring the taboos prohibiting interference with the sacred principles that lay at the root of industrial power". A leading Trade Unionist, Gustav Bauer, in a speech

in the Reichstag in August, 1915, even praised the War Ministry for its "understanding for the needs of the workers" and compared favourably the conduct of the officers towards labour with that of the Civil Servants.

On August 28, 1916, Field Marshal von Hindenburg replaced General von Falkenhayn as Chief of the General Staff and General Ludendorff became First Quartermaster General. Their swift seizure of dictatorial power over the whole German war effort placed "the future German conduct of the war in the hands of the radical militarists". How disastrous these appointments were for Germany and how incapable was the Supreme Command of solving industrial and labour problems Professor Feldman shows with a wealth of documentation which convincingly supports his final conclusion that "the army led the nation to disaster and then abdicated power itself". Nevertheless he adduces in fairness to the army the little known fact that it "was largely responsible for the establishment of collective bargaining in Germany". He also points out that the wartime collaboration between the army and the trade unions largely made possible the agreement of November 10, 1918, between General Groener and the first President, Friedrich Ebert, by which Hindenburg placed the army at the disposal of the new Republican Government for the maintenance of law and order.

Nobody could then have known that the seventy-one-year-old monarchist and conservative Field Marshal von Hindenburg would seven years later succeed the Socialist Friedrich Ebert as second President of the Weimar Republic and hold that office for nine years. It is with the

domestic political history of Germany during those nine years from April 26, 1925, when Hindenburg was elected President, down to his death on August 2, 1934, that Professor Dorpalen is chiefly concerned in his dispassionately written and thoroughly documented study of Hindenburg's relations with successive Republican Governments. He can with truth write that "the present study is as much that of the Weimar Republic as it is that of the man who headed it for the greater part of its fateful existence". Nevertheless Professor Dorpalen has not written a history of the Weimar Republic (it is to be hoped he may yet do so) but instead has placed himself in the presidential chair and sought to look at men and events through Hindenburg's eyes. Moreover Professor Dorpalen has been mindful of the underlying causes for Hindenburg's attitude to, and conduct of, affairs, to be found in his personal background of a long military career, ancestral Junker, monarchist, land-owning and military traditions, and more powerful because more immediate the effect upon him of the "Hindenburg myth". A great merit of Professor Dorpalen's book is that through his narration of the Field Marshal's handling of affairs his personality comes into true historical perspective and is freed both from the excessive adulation and from the

undeserved censure that has hitherto surrounded and obscured him. As Professor Dorpalen says, Hindenburg was:

The victim as much as the beneficiary of the "Hindenburg myth", he faced detested, called upon to make decisions ever torn between the dictates of common sense and his emotional impulses. To evade these conflicts, Hindenburg preferred to remain in the background rather than occupy the control of the lead and responsibility for actions and policies.

For Hindenburg as President of the Weimar Republic these words might fittingly serve as an epitaph.

CONCILIATING MUSSOLINI

GEORGE W. BAER: *The Coming of the Italian-Ethiopian War*. 404pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 16s.

Dr. Baer concerns himself only with the coming of the Italo-Ethiopian war because he considers that all the major decisions had been taken before Mussolini attacked Abyssinia in October 1935 and that what followed was by then inevitable. When at last one comes to the actual attack it becomes almost an anticlimax.

The main story is all too familiar, the silence of Laval in Rome, the silence of the British at Stresa. It is still impossible to state exactly what Laval agreed to in January 1935 in return for Mussolini's big concessions, his Tunisian surrender. An agreement with Italy was of great strategic value to France and it was easy, while agreeing to Italian economic domination in Ethiopia, vaguely to imply acceptance of Italian political control there without committing oneself. (What remains obscure is whether or not Laval and Mussolini talked alone on that evening of January 6.) As part of its new position, Dr. Baer writes, "France now recognized Italy's role in Central Europe." This seems to contradict his statement a little earlier that "Italian expansionism was turned away from central Europe and the Balkans".

If, as Gamelin had said, Italy was important to France, Britain was essential. At the Stresa conference in

the following April, Simon, without a protest, allowed Mussolini to insert the words "of Europe" after the sentence in the final communiqué which spoke of "opposing... any unilateral repudiation of treaties which may endanger the peace". Not unnaturally this was taken by both the Italians and the French to mean that Britain was willing that Italy should have a free hand in Abyssinia. All through the year British policy was hopelessly contradictory. Fear of Germany made the Establishment anxious to conciliate Mussolini while public opinion was working up to the half-baked enthusiasm for the League of Nations expressed in the Peace Ballot. In June the Admiralty, aware of the Navy's vulnerability and supposing that Hitler was a man of his word, made the naval agreement with Germany which inevitably aroused French indignation and Italian contempt. A dearth of able leaders in Britain coincided with the appointment of the equivocal Joseph Avenol as Secretary-General of the League of Nations.

Mussolini had begun to prepare his attack upon Ethiopia in 1934. When he did attack Haile Selassie in October 1935 the League of Nations immediately condemned him as the aggressor. But the decisive sanctions were never applied. Hitler took advantage of a disoriented Geneva, London, Paris, to remilitarize the

Rhineland and Mussolini began to be dazzled by Hitler's power.

Dr. Baer's account is straightforward and on the whole accurate. It may, however, cause some eyebrows to be raised here and there. He seems without sufficient evidence that in 1934 Mussolini's domestic difficulties were so grave they probably made the Ethiopian adventure indispensable. He displays odd ignorance in his knowledge. For instance, the French by no means expected an easy German victory in the Saar plebiscite in January, 1935. And when Hoare first came across Mussolini the latter was not the editor of *Avanti!* because he had been expelled from the Socialist Party and had founded his own paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*. The murderer of Alexander of Yugoslavia and Barthou was a Macedonian, not a Croat. *Fiume* is a traditional Italian word for exiles; it was not invented by the Fascists.

Dr. Baer's choice of sources is occasionally rather strange. For instance, to quote the admirable Egidio Reale as a source for what happened in Rome in January, 1935, seems a convincing source. Reale was an anti-Fascist exile living in Geneva. Sometimes he was well informed, but only by chance, in the Fascist period. The bibliography to this book is almost indiscriminately long, whereas the index is only one of persons and is therefore inadequate.

OIL AND TROUBLE

A. J. BARKER: *The Neglected War, Mesopotamia 1914-1918*. 534pp. Faber and Faber. £3 3s.

Whether or not the operations in Mesopotamia can rightly be described as "neglected", they were dominated by oil, in the first stages in protecting wells, in the final stages acquiring new ones. Though the enemy was Turkey, Germany and her *Dring* *nicht Osten* stood in the background. Colonel Barker's account is a long one and is based on deep research. It was a river war, above all on the Tigris and Euphrates, and lasted as long as it did because Britain could not until near the end produce enough boats, or boats of the right kind.

Perhaps the most dramatic figure is General Sir Charles Townshend, grandson of the Lord Townshend who succeeded Wolfe at Quebec. On the whole the author treats him too kindly, but his superiors were also to blame for not controlling him more closely when he was locked up in Kut-al-Amara. This criticism also applies to his behaviour after he had surrendered, when the Turks treated him, as a guest and took him out shooting while his wretched troops suffered terribly in the earlier stages from sickness, boredom, and shortage of most things which make very hot weather bearable.

If the historian is not at his best here, he is very much so in his last

ings with the successive commanders. There is relatively little to be said about the first, Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Barrett, because he never had sufficient troops at his disposal and went sick at an early stage. He was followed by General Sir John Nixon, who ordered the attack on Kut-al-Amara and was blamed by the commission of inquiry sitting in Whitehall in a report published in August, 1917. Then came General Sir Percy Lake, sixty years of age and it may be added, looking in his photograph—one of many—as though he might have been seventy. Finally there was a jewel in the person of Sir Stanley Maude, who had arrived with a division with which he had greatly distinguished himself at Gallipoli. He was the only one not in the Indian Army. Colonel Barker might have recorded how he obtained a first-class battle honour in General Sir Charles Monro, who had carried out the abandonment of Gallipoli and visited him when on his way to India, where he was to become Commander-in-Chief. Maude had arrived with orders from London, to pass to the defensive, but did not stay so for long.

The able Turkish commander, Khalil Pasha, had first of all decided that Baghdad was indefensible, but quickly changed his mind and

ordered the commander of the Turkish 18th Corps, Kiazim Karabekir, to hold Azziya, on the Tigris, some fifty miles south-east of the city. This plan came to nothing and the leading British troops were met with on March 11, 1917, to be met with cheers by the citizens, for the most part Arabs, Jews and Persians. After all, as the author remarks, the city's conquerors had included Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Cyrus, the Sassanid kings, and Haroun al-Raschid.

No further progress could be made during the torrid heat of summer, but in late September Ramadan, and in the Euphrates fifty miles north-west of Baghdad, was reached, which meant that the great city was secure. Less than a month later the splendid soldier who had turned defeat into shame into victory and honour died of cholera, and was mourned by millions of people in Britain who had never heard of him before the war.

Troops in the front line ate chilled meat instead of the eternal cooked meat which they detested; children farms provided fresh eggs and home culture fresh vegetables; buildings had glass windows and hospitals

Eighteenth-Century Studies

BURKE'S LETTERS

The Correspondence of Edmund Burke. Volume V: July 1782-June 1789. Edited by Holden Furber with the assistance of P. J. Marshall. 496pp. Volume VI: July 1789-December 1791. Edited by Alfred Cobban and Robert A. Smith. 495pp. Cambridge University Press. £6 each.

A great deal of praise has been lavished on the Cambridge/Chicago edition of Burke's letters, and most of it is completely deserved. When the work is complete the mid-eighteenth-century Anglo-Saxon world will have commemorated a politician-philosopher with scholarly display on a scale. It has been a marvel of organization, of cooperation, of deft, capable, uniform, readable editing. Professor Copeland ought to be made first laureate of the much wanted Anglo-American Academy of Letters. Nevertheless it might still be a question whether all this American money and high-class English book production will not almost smother Burke. Have all these people really been needed? How is it that a solitary English scholar can produce Burke's letters far faster and in much greater volume than Burke's letters too—wider in range, higher in quality, with more literary-patron misfires, less false modesty and prissy prose.

For there really is a great deal of deplorable stuff in Burke's correspondence; even the most convinced devotee of self-moved, concrete activity (what we must suppose Michael Oakeshott would be bound in duty to call Burke's political handiwork) may find it rather difficult to take. The Indian business is wonderfully tedious and takes up a lot of these two volumes. Reading it through (no, this is impossible except for the specialist, even a conscientious reviewer has to skim), you cannot help siding with Sir Elijah Impey, Mr. Warren Hastings and Mr. Paul Benfield—those wicked men and their evil systems as Burke keeps calling it. You are only to read his attempt to justify himself by writing to the

niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to realize how intolerably unrealistic and self-righteous he must have seemed to those gnarled personalities, indeed to all his hard-headed contemporaries. This is how he ends his letter:

My dearest Miss Palmer, God bless you: and send your friend home to you rich and innocent the way in India and had his reservations about Burke, who nevertheless seems to wish him spoils: they did not marry; and may you long enjoy your own sweet repose; and the love and esteem of all those who know to value elegance, taste, abilities and simplicity.

This document is published for the first time, along with many others in these two volumes. The editorial achievement really is remarkable. But we have to put up with a great deal about Burke's debt-ridden estate; pages and pages about a lawsuit over a dirty puddle for feeding stock. Then there is the sycophantic bit directed towards the great lords. When Rockingham dies it almost becomes intolerable. Not quite though, because you are made to feel how precarious was Burke's personal and political life, how near he must have been to that sudden fall from patronage which might have made posterity think of him as just one more adventurer, talented but not to be taken seriously. The eagerness he shows when at last office is coming the way of the Rockingham party makes pathetic reading. And the office itself—to be Paymaster General for a few months, rather ineffectually appropriate to the position of the man. Passages like these go a little way to making up for the mawkishness of Burke's family atmosphere.

But to say that is to say almost everything that can be said in hostile criticism of these two near final instalments of a great contemporary work

of scholarship. Not quite all, because his editors have an irritating habit of summarizing letters to or about Burke which should have been printed in full; they throw away a marvellous opportunity with Boswell by this sort of inappropriate parsimoniousness. Mr. Leigh would never do this with Rousseau. Still it cannot be denied that the correspondence of the years 1789 and 1790 makes enthralling reading to every political historian, to every political scientist, to everyone to whom a book of genius has an appeal, whatever his doctrine may be. Within Burke's life and within this correspondence the appearance of the *Reflections on the French Revolution* make of his career a literary drama with a climax unparalleled in English intellectual history.

And in political history too, for this was the exact point when British political society decided that the "English Revolution" was over and done with, a hundred years disposed of, and that there never could be another. Indeed a nation could only ever have one; for, and this point is insisted in every line of the book itself and of these enthralling letters about it, having had a national revolution was a part of nationality. To have this crucial development recorded with such lavish pains and luminous accuracy is worth everything which this ambitious edition has done for Burke. The man and his society, his critics, contemners, and the abjectly devoted admirers, almost come to life. Sadly it has to be said, nevertheless, that neither Edmund Burke, the events, the subject nor the generation ever inspire any real affection in the reader. It is still a bit of a puzzle in the end to see what has kept all those scholars at work on Burke in Sheffield, London, Cambridge, Chicago and in Amherst, Massachusetts.

SWIFTLY DOES IT

JOSEPH SWIFT: *Stella's Birth-Days*. Commentary by Sybil Le Brocq. 40pp. 35s. SYBIL LE BROCC: *A View on Vanessa*. A Correspondence with Interludes for the stage. 80pp. 9s. 6d. Dolmen Press. London: Oxford University Press.

JACK G. GILBERT: *Jonathan Swift*. 161pp. University of Texas Press. (American Universities Publishers Group.) 37s. 6d.

Jonathan Swift was born on March 13, 1667. From 1719 Swift observed his birthdays by writing a poem. Mrs. Le Brocq has brought these poems together with a few notes and an introductory essay. "Billed" is hardly the right word for her procedure, on the text, we assume that she merely transcribed the poems from the standard edition of Sir Harold Williams. The transcriptions are inaccurate. Six of the seven poems are faulty in text, one of them has lost a line; some of the spelling is modernized, some not. Capitalization is arbitrary and haphazard. The editorial notes are already given more fully, in the standard edition. The only line which causes the reader to pause, a reference to Mrs. Brent "nine ways looking" in the 1722 poem, is explained by Sir Harold, but not by Mrs. Le Brocq. The introductory essay, is very loosely related to the poems which follow. Mrs. Le Brocq believes that Stella was the natural daughter of Sir William Temple and that a "realistic" husband, named Jonathan, was provided for the poem. She also believes that the poem was written by Sir John Temple, Sir William's father. Swift did not marry Stella; it appears, because he found her to be an extremely poor manager of money. Some of these beliefs will be familiar to readers of Mrs. Le Brocq's *Capitulation*, reviewed in these pages (October 25).

A View on Vanessa offers the stage's dramatic account of the relationship between Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh. The title is that nothing is known of this relation between August 1722, the date of Swift's capitulation to Vanessa, and the date of her death, 1723. The book is a study of the

is clear. But nothing else is clear. Mrs. Le Brocq's first assumption is that Vanessa had a child by Swift. "I'm a monster... a villain", he says in the play. The second assumption is that the break was caused by a letter Vanessa wrote to Stella, suggesting that Stella should take over the child, and rear him. Stella showed the letter to Swift, and the fat landed in the fire. Mrs. Le Brocq's play is based, if that is the word, upon the device of having a group of Dubliners, including a woman called Kate O'Brien, read for their suburban amusement an inaccurate selection from the correspondence of Swift and Vanessa. The gaps in the correspondence are filled with romantic scenes, entirely fanciful, composed by Mrs. Le Brocq. These would be painful if they were not ludicrous.

The first part of Mr. Gilbert's book is a study of Swift's ethics: his views on virtue, truth, duty, courage, Christianity, reason, and so forth. Mr. Gilbert's method is to collect quotations, often transcribing them inaccurately, from the sermons and the letters. Ball's edition of the Correspondence is preferred, apparently, to Sir Harold Williams's, not mentioned. Swift's ethical views, incidentally, turn out to be as we might expect, obvious enough, standard issue. Mr. Gilbert realises that if they were Revelation, although later he finds it possible to give the list in seven lines:

He believed in simplicity in all things: Art, morals, social life, religion. He was convinced of the reality of common sense (in religious reason), as a thing all too seldom met with. He was a champion of humanistic learning, although little known as such. He was the personal enemy of cruelty, in the name of kindness. His understanding of justice

was classically strict: rule of the virtuous for the common good. Like the Roman republicans he hated all forms of tyranny. In the second part Mr. Gilbert brings this material to bear upon *Gulliver's Travels*. The point is that Swift was not a misogynist, the book is ethically sound. "However incensed he was at the Yahoo in man, and however savage his satire, Swift never disavowed the existence and continued possibility of virtuous and heroic action." This is the last sentence of the book and a fair summary of its burden. Addressed to "the scholarly world", the book brings no news. Citizens of that world will not thank Mr. Gilbert for putting them to the bother of correcting his mistakes and misquotations. (He needed two shots to get the name of Swift's biographer right, calling him William Sheridan the first time.) The style of the book may be represented by the following sentence: "Mandeville's irony, for example, often outs on a Hobbesian line."

An impressive group of English eighteenth-century scholars have contributed to *The Age of the Enlightenment* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, for the University Court of the University of St. Andrews, £3 3s.), a festschrift in honour of Theodore Bester. It is timed to mark the completion of his immense edition of Voltaire's Correspondence. The first nine essays deal with various aspects of Voltaire's own writings, the next nine with his "contemporaries and friends", a final eight with "The Age of the Enlightenment" itself. The last contribution of all, from Sir Frank Francis, is a critical bibliography of Theodore Bester's publications.

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W.H. ALLEN

JUVENAL FOR THE 1960s

THE pitfalls on either side of the translator's knife-edge are all too notorious, and their names are unreadability and inaccuracy. Defending unreadability (or, to be fair, archaism and poetic diction) the late Professor C. S. Lewis once amused a Cambridge audience with a withering analysis of the comfortable, question-begging doctrine that a translation should try to be "what the author would have written if he had lived in our own day". What reason, he asked, have we to suppose that Virgil, for example, would have written anything at all today, or if he had, would have got anywhere with it? Our age, with its implacable hostility, would have known how to deal with him and after hearing what Mr. Graves said about the poet one is almost inclined to agree. C. S. Lewis also attempted a refutation of the modern idea that poetical language is fit only for toffs and civies. Why should the classics be made to sound like English? "You don't go to France to get tea, do you?"

When Lewis went on to observe that he had seen strong young men almost turn pale at the use of an archaism, the reminiscence could have referred to Mr. Peter Green. But if so, and if it was some "Eftsoons" in a modern translation that brought it on, one feels that this slight quail of nausea, or at least distaste, was justified. For Lewis gave the show away when he added that the safe method for a translator is to seek as closely as possible to reproduce the effect the original would give a reader if he was a really first-class, modern classical scholar. Yes, but most of the people who are demanding good translations today, and surely in everyone else's interests as well as their own ought to be allowed to have them, are not classical scholars, first-class or otherwise. Dorothy Sayers saw the readers for whom she was trans-

lating Dante as internationally minded, yet mostly ignorant of any language but their own; literature, cut off by the bias of their own education from the Mediterranean culture which many of the (middle-class) older generation had imbibed. Ezra Pound once remarked: "The thought of what America would be like if the Classics had a wide circulation Troubles my sleep." And yet it is he and other translators (if that is the word to apply to him) who have brought just that about, and in Britain too. Pound's versions generate enormous heat, but whatever their merits and demerits—a king-sized red herring which will be avoided here—they are not really what this new public wants, because they are not faithful enough to their originals. Translations, of other sorts, are offered a new Golden Age. Indeed, some of the gold may even eventually find its way into their pockets. But this is on strict conditions. They have got to be both readable and accurate, which means that a successful practitioner will really have some cause to congratulate himself, and to make demands upon his publisher.

Few nineteenth-century translators are readable now. Even in their own time many of them were not particularly accurate. This was because, unless they were just compiling cribbs, they knew the originals anyway, so that they could show how clever they were rather than bothering too much about strict fidelity. Now that it is no longer enough to write for in-groups, ingenuity is not enough either, and there is nothing for it but to provide the most rigorously accurate rendering possible. And there is no desire for those fragment, cultured echoes of earlier, historic versions of which, for example, so many a modern translation of the Bible is reverentially full: because most readers do not know of them, and do not particularly want to. What they want instead, without any such intermediaries and in lan-

guage which will appeal to them, is the fullest flavour of the original. And this includes, of course, expression as well as meaning, form as well as content, sound as well as sense, since all these are structurally interwoven and indivisibly united. A number of increasingly strict analyses have lately reminded us of these facts, which were also rather dauntingly expressed by Louis MacNeice when he introduced his version of Goethe's *Faust*. An ideal translation, according to him, would have a broad pattern equivalent to the original, to which more over it would be conceptually similar. Further indispensable qualities would include an exact reproduction of the original's poetic colour and suggestiveness, a line-for-line equivalence, a general similarity of word order, and a correspondence of imagery, rhythm, rhyme-patterns and phonetic textures. Obviously that is the perfection which cannot possibly be achieved. It is almost as ludicrous a standard, in its different way, as the all-too-painfully achievable absolutely literal sort of rendering which Housman made fun of with his Homeric version "They cut off his ears with the sharp brass; but he, injured in his feelings, went about, enduring that calamity with frantic mind?"

Peter Green is not only splendidly readable but he is also a classical scholar from whom an unusual degree of fidelity can confidently be expected. And he has thought carefully about the wider aspects that MacNeice was so determined to emphasize. For one thing, every effort must be made to avoid inappropriate metres. The metre chosen by Mr. Green for *The Sixteen Satires of Juvenal* is the long, springy, free, six-beat line which C. Day Lewis used for the Georgics, and Richmond Lattimore for his *Iliad* and *Hesiod*. The beat is elastic and unmonotonous, capable of reproducing Juvenal's run-on of sense from line to line, and yet it retains something of the overall form of the original hexameter.

How fantastically different this new conception is from the playful (though by no means Juvenalian) wit of the pioneer translator, Dryden. The cravling Wife the force of Magick And Philites for thimable Husband buys. The position works not on the part designed; But turns his Brain, and supplies his Mind. However, it is significant that Dryden's neat, clipped version has found no room for one spicy bit, and since indeed two translations are four times as good as one it is no sacrifice to compare the master with the less concise but more exact Mr. Green: Here comes a peddler of magic spells And Thessalian charms, who sells so Philtres. With these any devil so Her husband's wits that he'll let her slipper his backside, grooves amiss. If you get mental black-outs, grooves amiss. About yesterday's doing, plain softening of the brain, This is your trouble. Gilbert Highet had already used this sort of metre for the translated quotations in his book about Juvenal, which is the latest great landmark in our understanding of the satirist. Most sick men here die from insomnia of course. Their illness starts with food undigested, The burning stomach—far in any Rest is impossible. It costs money to sleep in Rome. There is the root of the sickness. The movement of heavy waggons Through narrow streets, the oaths of stalled cattle-drovers, Would break the sleep of a deaf man or a lazy valetus. Again Mr. Green is in a little longer, springy, free, six-beat line which C. Day Lewis used for the Georgics, and Richmond Lattimore for his *Iliad* and *Hesiod*. The beat is elastic and unmonotonous, capable of reproducing Juvenal's run-on of sense from line to line, and yet it retains something of the overall form of the original hexameter.

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BURSARS OF THE STATE

Although the Arts Council is now a well-established institution, Lord Goodman in that body's annual report for 1966-67, "its policy and working methods are by no means fully evolved. The additional resources—given to us by a Government anxious to stimulate and develop the work we do—have emphasized the problems and difficulties that confront us."

There is thus a considerable contrast, wholly unemphasized in the body of the report, between the policy of the Literature Panel and that applied in the other arts. In Literature (including Poetry) if you leave aside the maintenance grants and the prizes, £19,150 has been given to individuals without their needing to show anything in return. Of the other panels only drama gives two-thirds as much (out of a total budget twenty-seven times larger) to individuals, and most of that goes to run a trainee scheme. The Arts Council gives more for purchases and commissions than for bursaries, and the Music Panel, which likewise has a trainee scheme, hardly gives bursaries at all. Yet literature (including poetry) is by far the least difficult and expensive of these arts to practise; it demands no special training or equipment; more over unlike music or painting it has traditionally been pursued, even at the highest level, in conjunction with more mundane jobs. Why it alone should need to be supported by this kind of undemanding largesse is very difficult to see. But it does imply that the panel could think of nothing more constructive to do with the money.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RED LETTER DAY FOR THE CENTRAL OFFICE

Sir—It is certainly true, as Mr. Bulmer-Thomas (November 9) suggests, that Sir Joseph Ball was deeply implicated in the Zinoviev letter's exploitation. But it is unlikely that his part in the marginal mysteries which remain will ever be firmly established. When I and fellow authors were preparing the Zinoviev Letter we were sure to beat a rapid path to the Ball relief. But Ball's passion for secrecy evidently never deserted him. Just before his death he wrote his papers.

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Would these unforgettable vignettes, and indeed Juvenal's satires in general, be even more effective if the original hexameters were somehow retained? Mr. Green, like others, feels that the English stress-hexameter is bound to suffer from a dead, clumping monotony. Still, he admits that in clever hands the occasional *tour de force* can succeed, which is about all the defenders of the metre would claim. And indeed one such success, though perhaps modified by a rather too interrupted flow, has been achieved by another recent translator of Juvenal, Rolfe Humphries. In order, however, not to make the poet sound too much like his Ovid (or like Longfellow!), he has kept him harsher and more rugged, "by having the hexameters only roughly scannable, with here and there an iamb, just to be on the safe side". Here is Mr. Humphries's version of the woman gladiator:

Rear her grunt and groan as she works at it, parring, thrashing; See her neck bent down under the weight of her helmet. Look at the rolls of bandage and tape, so her legs look like tree-trunks. Then have a laugh for yourself, after the practice is over, and the armour and weapons put down, and the squats as she uses the vessel. Do they call them 'vessels' in America? Or rather, did they? Anyhow, here is Mr. Green's version:

Here how she sports At each practice thrust, bound down by the weight of her helmet; See the big, coarse, putties wrapped round her ample ham— Then wait for the laugh, when she lays her weapons aside. And squats on the potty. A bit sensational perhaps, a touch of *pair epater*, but the same was simply evident in Juvenal—witness, again, his Noble Roman Savage of earlier times, who is no doubt accurately described as *acorn-bellching*. But this is mild stuff, indeed, compared with some of his unpleasant-

nesses. Mr. Green gives us an example which almost causes the reader a worse physical reaction than the one induced by the acorns. Yet it is all in the interests of science, to illustrate by a horribly nasty picture. This is one of the points brought out in the introduction, which (the notes) is of a surprising length for a Penguin Classic. There was a long distance from the few impressive pages of some earlier volumes. And it is a fighting irony that, as will not come as a surprise to readers of Mr. Green's *Annals in Antiquity* (1960), that was used for an essay deploring the *Annals* for its fastidiousness of classical teaching. The situation within the profession was predictable; but this reviewer has always admired the almost saintly patience of his confrère who remarked, "often, one hopes, be stimulated to a fruitful reconsideration of their own activities".

Elsewhere in his *Essays* Mr. Green strongly took sides in a sort of running battle that has been developing about Juvenal. At one extreme of the dispute are scholars such as Highet who try to reconstruct a biography for Juvenal including a period of traumatic exile which left him poor, so that what he subsequently wrote was embittered. The opponent of this view maintains that all his ferocity can be explained by literary tradition and convention, and that there is no need to attribute to any genuine *saeva indignatio* or personal involvement at all. Mr. Green agrees basically with Professor Highet, whose criticism, indeed, to accuse of spiteful violence. A more widespread judgment would be that Professor Highet's book, though exceedingly able and valuable, built rather too elaborate and detailed a structure upon a geographical information that is fragmentary and dubious. Nevertheless, it does remain unlikely that Juvenal should have poured forth all his very authentic-looking venom when his literary background had been augmented by some sort of personal disillusionment with the world of his own lot or both. Granted that his picture of the not-too-bad Flavian empire is disingressably selective, surely not all his windmills are paper ones.

Where Mr. Green is at his best, however, is in a very plausible mingling-up of Juvenal as he emerges not so much from the viceroy's eye, as from his own stark, strident, hallucinatory verse. Undog yes, but unfortunately for the Marxist, no sort of a social revolutionary at all. On the contrary, Juvenal was a broad-in-the-bone realist with all the characteristics of his class: contempt for the crude, indifference to great skills, intense political conservatism, with a corresponding fear of change and revolution. Juvenal's sense of order and indifference to the economic realities governing his existence. Like Dickens (though a good deal less cynical), Juvenal has the shabby, genteel person's hatred of poverty and the poor. And then again, by attacking the corrupting influence of money but never seeing that it might corrupt himself, he provides us with that nice touch of moral ambiguity which makes him so enjoyable to read. And so, of course, do his brilliantly effective caricatures. They too are Dickensian, but Juvenal's flashes also anticipate modern techniques of cinema montage. If he had been alive today, Mr. Green suggests, he would be a script-writer in Cinecittà. So there, for no talented, appalling and enervating, poisonously censorious and enervating observer of La Dolce Vita from its outer and lower fringes, such Juvenal for the 1960s.

After saying so much, perhaps, sounds rude to Mr. Green's opinion that Renato Poggioli's opinion that a genuine translator needs an electric affinity with his original. All the same, and without in any way negating a comparison between the two, this new version has its own, its own achievement of high comedy, whose note of high comedy, perhaps, see much of the lyrical, the 'demonic' of Rolfe Humphries, occasionally finds in Juvenal. To more at home with him than I was, he was translating Hans Andersen or the *Little Flowers of St. Peter*. The electric affinity is there.

WOT NO STING?

Sir—The tail of a review of Barbara Jones's *Design for Death* in your issue of October 26 suggested that the Consumers' Association might "... give our executors a *Whiff?* on death—with a Best and Last Buy". We have to some extent anticipated your reviewer's wish by the latest two of our Consumer Publications: *Wills and Probate* and the book which, by strange chance, was published on the same day as the one whose review gives rise to this letter: *What to do when someone dies*.

NOT SO MAJOR

Sir—Your reviewer in his reply (October 26) to my criticism of his review of the book about David Bomberg once more reveals himself in a true colours. But this time he has a living man to contend with. By his specially selected quotations from an article which I once wrote about Bomberg he reverses the meaning of what I was saying and in addition asserts that the argument of the article was unreasoned. In order that your readers should now have an opportunity of seeing the truth of the matter, I must ask you now to allow me to quote at length from the article.

LORD READING

Sir—The Marquess of Reading—Rufus Isaacs who was knighted March 17, 1910, became a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, June 19, 1911. Sir Rufus Isaacs was then created Baron Reading of Erleigh in the County of Berkshire on January 9, 1914. For his special services, during the 1914-18 War he was made a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath and created Viscount Reading of Erleigh in the County of Berkshire, June 26, 1916 and Earl Reading and Viscount Erleigh of Erleigh in the County of Berkshire on December 20, 1917 and after several other glittering distinctions having been added, he created Marquess of Reading, May 7, 1926. It could not, therefore, be correct to claim for his lordship that he was the first commoner to be promoted to the rank of marquess since Sir Rufus had sojourne for a time in every degree of the peerage leading up to the marquessate, a title first conferred in England in the year 1366.

ANTI-APARTHEID

Sir—May we, once again, invite your readers to send a Christmas or New Year greeting to some of the many South Africans who are under house arrest, banned or in banishment because of their opposition to apartheid. A short list with names and addresses of some of these South Africans is available from our office. We also have a similar list of Rhodesians. S. ABDUL, Hon. Secretary, The Anti-Apartheid Movement, 89 Charlotte Street, London, W.1. (Other letters are on page 1094)

JUDITH WILSON LECTURE 1967

SOME UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCES IN THE THEATRE

ANN JELICOE

Miss Jelicoe describes her own experience watching performances of her play *The Knack* before different audiences and in different theatres as a starting-point in examining the unconscious influences that often affect an audience's reaction to a play. Paper covers 5s. net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The text has been based on that of the forty-three volume standard critical edition of Sauer and Bachmann, with numerous corrections worked in. The notes have been restricted to the minimum references for the understanding of the text. They are admirably brief and clear:

The sources of surprise in this edition, for those who are only acquainted with the standard dramas and a few brief selections of prose, will be the large number of poems, the mass of critical and aesthetic essays (upwards of 700 pages), the five early dramas, and some 200 fragments and sketches for dramas, some of which were only brought to light in 1924. The poems have been arranged chronologically, following a hint of Grillparzer that they embodied his life, and one observes that, if lyrical talent is not very apparent early on, he nevertheless develops a lyric style of his own in middle life. In the critical section Grillparzer's comments on poetic theory are of the greatest interest, while the collected notes on literature, theatre, music, and art form a corpus of criticism rich in itself as well as for its bearing on Grillparzer's own poetry and its aesthetic.

pusal a compact, well-oiled apparatus.

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The accessibility of the autobiography in Volume 4 is welcome. It may constitute for many one of the greatest pleasures of this edition, for it is among the most charming of autobiographies. But this volume is in any case a cornucopia of human interest. Documents bearing on Grillparzer's life and career include correspondence, letters, and other papers.

diaries and travel accounts (England, France, Italy), all of which are fluently written, with a well-maintained sense of the telling incident and impression, and often witty. They include the record of conversation with Beethoven about a proposed opera on the subject of Melusina. A generous selection of letters completes the documents from Grillparzer's own pen. But this is not enough; the reader's gratitude is laid under still further tribute by 100 pages of *Zeugnisse und Gespräche*, from which we see vividly how Grillparzer was observed by personal acquaintances and by distinguished contemporaries.

A postscript by Kurt Huhoff runs with a discreet brevity through some salient features of Grillparzer's life, character, and philosophy. It is both respectful and astringent. It manages to pay tribute to the classical Grillparzer, linked with Schiller and Goethe, without making him appear an epigon; to evoke a late Grillparzer full of insight and ready with precepts for political and national life, and at the same time to throw light on a Grillparzer who was apprehensive about the way "modern" life was developing, and who can be seen at times to be close in feeling to the harbingers of spiritual despair, Heine, Büchner, and their like. Herr

though simple and natural, than one was used to about Grillparzer's relations with women and his attitude to love and sex, bringing out particularly his sense of the vestal and regally chaste aspect of womanhood. This encourages a different interpretation of the tragic heroines from Sappho to Esther, whose downfall occurs when, submitting to men, they betray the "priestess" in themselves. Commenting, too, on Grillparzer's character in general Her Hofhoff succeeds in juxtaposing in a clear, sober way what seems paradoxical: the curious failure to impose himself, the withdrawal—"Die Zurückzuckeln ist eine typische Seelenbewegung Grillparzers"—and yet, by the side of that, the authority of his choice of themes, the sure definition of human problems, his range of thought, his insight into character, his tempestuous readiness with dramatic verse, the dignity and fervour of his political plays, and the autumnal wealth of the latest works that dissolve irony and disillusion in philosophic grandeur.

This edition can be most warmly recommended. It bears witness to quite outstanding editorial efficiency, to which primary care an equally distinguished book-production has been added.

THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE publishing circles, the meaning of the term "editor" ranges from the Jewly backroom boy with a blue pencil to the legendary father-confessor figure who appears in literary history by Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's in his association with Thomas Wolfe. The role of the editor encompasses both ends of this scale, and in his work on one book he may leap from the most menial sub-editorial chores—suggesting a total rewrite. Moreover, with the breaking-up of the rigidly hierarchical family firms where the head of the firm was the publisher, the man with "taste," and the editorial staff provided little more than a technical service), editors in London are beginning to emulate their more powerful and autonomous counterparts in New York. The leading British editors now build up their own "lists" of authors within the larger structure of the house's imprint; they assume overall responsibility for the presentation and promotion of the book; they may sell paperback, translation and occasionally even film rights; they effectively determine what the author shall be paid for his work, and once it has been decided to publish him they fight to make him known and successful in an increasingly overcrowded literary

himself or with a literary agent acting on his behalf (the latter being increasingly the case). Once the contract has been signed, the editor goes through the manuscript slowly and with great care (the first reading is never sufficiently detailed, looking for everything from weaknesses in the plot or the characterization to minor stylistic points. He will then meet with the author to discuss any suggested changes. However strongly an editor may feel about what he considers to be flaws in a novel, he should only recommend—and never insist upon—changes. When the author and editor disagree about something there are no convenient outside arbiters; the author's name is on the hook and his must be the last word. It therefore becomes a question of the editor's persuasiveness in putting his points to the author, and the author's faith in the critical acumen of his editor.

majority of non-fiction books for the general market are either commissioned in advance from the author on the basis of a short synopsis, or else written in response to an idea put up by the publisher himself. The non-fiction editor, therefore, must have talents very different from those of the fiction editor. By having a good working knowledge of recent bibliography in a large number of fields, he can put forward ideas for books to fill significant gaps. Combined with this general knowledge, he should have a wide range of contacts in both academic and journalistic circles, so that he can "marry" the right author to the right ideas. In fact, he is something of an impresario, not simply in a creative sense but in a business sense, in that, when the book

is his idea, he will try to buy all the foreign rights in it from the author, and then sell them on a grand, international scale—giving the author a percentage, of course. The non-fiction editor must also be able to attract authors with their own ideas to the house and to evaluate their projects on the basis of only a short synopsis and perhaps one or two sample chapters. This kind of very early decision-making (the fiction editor rarely commits himself before reading the *whole* book) requires him to be an expert in finding experts to help him, as well as a quick learner, so that he can acquire enough knowledge of any given field to discuss the synopsis intelligently and intelligently with the prospective author. This is one

of the principal differences between the two genres from the editor's point of view. While the non-fiction editor is open to advice and suggestions from many outside sources, the fiction editor relies almost entirely on his own judgment. Editors are frequently asked why they don't write themselves. It should be clear that an editor's job is a full-time one, if not, indeed, a way of life. The fact that a man can devote much of his energies to working on someone else's writing does not mean that he is a frustrated writer himself. On the contrary, the editor is a skilled professional who can find satisfaction within the terms of his own job—a job which has, today, developed to such a point that he is, in effect, the publisher.

CHARLES A. MADISON: *Book Publishing in America.* 628pp. McGraw-Hill. £5 0s. 6d.

The English reader or writer would gladly know more about American publishing. Admiration, bewilderment and a dash of cynicism are the common reaction. It is easy to admire the size and quantity of American books, their price and the prices their publishers are prepared to pay for authors, to wonder at the extraordinary variety of subject matter or the apparently meaningless demands of editors—and yet to feel that perhaps it isn't so very different after all. However separate the American and English national experience has been in the past two centuries, for almost as long before there was a single literature, and (however misleading it may be at times) there is still the common language. The book business in pre-Revolutionary days was largely a question of importation from Britain, at least so far as the writing was concerned. Manufacture was a different affair. A surprising amount of local printing was done, no doubt partly to save transport costs, in a remarkable variety of styles, from the new books, "London printed: Philadelphia re-printed," almost indistinguishable from the British originals, to the almost medieval production of the Penn Dutch bibles and hymn-books. But with

tection had been remedied for American authors, but foreigners still had no rights. To avoid a completely open market and to secure at least the right of priority, American publishers would pay foreign authors a sum for the use of their material, which the authors generally accepted as *faute de mieux*. American authors, equally, had no protection overseas. This meant that the American author had to obtain from an American publisher (and from no other source) payment for his work—a royalty or share of the profits—which had the effect of increasing the price of books by native authors till they could not compete with books by foreign authors. "Who," wrote Prescott to Fletcher Harper in 1857, "will give two dollars a volume for Prescott, when they can buy Macaulay for seventy-five cents?" Matters were brought to a head by the flood of under-cutting piracies after the Civil War:

They steal work of English authors; they hurt the sale of American authors; they hurt the responsible publisher who pays royalties to English authors; they ruin the reader's eyes with the poor faced, fine type set in uncleaned columns. . . .

wrote Scudder of Houghton Mifflin. But it was 1891 before an International Copyright Law finally received

the President's signature, and even now there are a number of loopholes. But there it is: the first attempt to claim universal ownership of ideas and to dispossess the private author. It lasted no more than a century.

This development of capitalism and enterprise is another matter, and the application of business methods to publishing is an achievement of which America can be justly proud. John Wiley's list in the 1870s is a wonderful reflection of the prompt reaction to the needs of the pioneers: DeVolson Wood *Resistance to Materials*, 1871, R. H. Lamborn *Metalurgy of Copper*, 1874, and *Metalurgy of Silver and Lead*, 1874; C. Herschel *A Handbook for Bridge Engineers*, 1874; G. I. Brush *Manual of Determinative Mineralogy*, 1875; H. S. Drinker *Tunneling, Explosives, Compounds and Rock Drills*, 1878—the titles read like a Homeric catalogue of heroic past. At this time (Mr. Madison's section on it is ironically called "Gentle Publishing in the Gilded Age"), while the Holts and Harpers were indeed establishing themselves in the same way as their British contemporaries, that essentially American figure, the Great Romantic

MARVIN CARLSON: *The Theatre of the French Revolution*. 328pp. Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.

Marvin Carlson's historical account of the Parisian theatres from the beginning of the Revolution to 1799, when Napoleon's authority was finally established over the political and cultural scene, is mainly of sociological and anecdotal interest. It is well-known that the revolutionary years produced no dramatic works of enduring quality. Beaumarchais's masterpiece, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, with which Professor Carlson begins, was the last, great, suicidal product of the Ancien Régime, and the dramatist's later play belonging to the revolutionary period, *La Mère coupable*, is no more than a feeble exercise in sentimental drama. Marie-Joseph Chenier's anti-royalist play, *Clément* IV, possibly the most famous

Yat the theatres, being places of public assembly and propaganda where the changing currents of opinion were reflected, had a lively history during these years. The first consequence of the Revolution was to release theatrical activity from the restrictions against which it had chafed under the Ancien Régime. New companies were formed and even new theatres built in circum-

stances that might have seemed discouraging. At all times, there appeared to be no limits to the energy and resilience of theatre people: whether actors, authors or managers; during the revolutionary years, they had the strength to fight among themselves over questions of personal rivalry, at the same time as they struggled for survival and sympathized with, or tried to cater for, conflicting political viewpoints. Professor Carlson recounts some fascinating anecdotes. On occasions, all references to Kings and Queens had to be eliminated from the classical texts, irrespective of the demands of prosody, and ancient heroes had to appear wearing

PONTIUS DE TYARD : *Les Erreurs Amoureuses*. Edited by John A. McClelland. 329pp. Geneva : Droz. 36fr.

JEAN-BAPTISTE CHANSONNET : *Le Mespris de la Vie et Consolation Contre la Mort*. Edited by Hans-Joachim Lope. 544pp. Geneva : Droz. 48fr.

Mr. McClelland states unequivocally at the beginning of his introduction that Pontus "n'est pas un très grand poète" and at the end "*Les Erreurs Amoureuses* sont une collection diffuse et orthodoxe de tous les lieux communs de la poésie contemporaine"; but, he concludes, they forment "un recueil qui s'impose sinon par son technique du moins par la hauteur de son insistance". Such eminent good sense helps to put Pontus's achievement in its proper perspective.

The first *Erreurs* appeared in 1549, only seven months after de Bellay's *Olive*, first fruit of the Pléiade, but despite an exceptionally long life (1521-1605), Pontus had written nearly all his poetry by 1555, returning to it only briefly fifteen years later. The 168 poems of the *Erreurs* (of which 142 are sonnets) were republished in 1573, but without significant variations from the complete version of 1555. The philosophical studies which inspired his various prose works came to absorb all his literary energies, and Mr. McClelland shows convincingly how Platonic theories of love (the translated Léon Hebreu's *le tainain* in 1551) and of poetry (discussed in his prose treatise, *Soliloques*) should be the first in any edition should be the first since 1594. Though he lived outside France (probably 1570-1635), Chassignet was inevitably affected by French cultural and ideological movements, and shared both the literary heritage of Pontus's generation and the spiritual disquiet born of religious strife. As a Catholic, and steeped in biblical tradition the later paraphrases of Psalms and some prophetic books, Chassignet always writes from an uncompromisingly Christian, but never from a polemical point of view. It is neither *l'homme de lettres* nor *l'aedilium vitae* that inspires him, but rather a realization of the impermanence and paradox inherent in the human condition, together with a serene and often eloquent faith in

Christ's saving word does not note. In fact the subject does not note the collection any more monotonously than a similarly extended one of love would be, but Chassignet has a somewhat excessive fondness for repeating the same word in successive lines, and shares the addition of most of his contemporaries to *sentimental*. *Sentiment* is naturally much in evidence, as is *Montaigne* and the Protestant *De Pleissis-Morisy*, and the strong influence of much of the verse could hardly be traced to this or that source after further research. The general impression, however, is by no means of a derivative moralist, but rather of a genuine poet, albeit of limited range. His picture of death is as concise and sometimes gruesome as Pontus's picture of love was abstract and idealized, but both poets are recognizable products of different elements of the same Renaissance. De La Roche wisely avoids discussion of baroque (or mannerist), but it is clear that a good deal more could be said still needed on Chassignet (whose complete works have not been published), and that just as the last hint is that just as the

The editor's field of activity can be divided into two main areas. First, he has books suitable for the list by selecting a very few titles from the literally thousands of manuscripts which are offered by agents or sent in directly by authors (in the case of South Africa, ten to twenty new books are taken on out of two to three thousand submissions in any year). Other books will come to the notice because the editor has specifically pursued them. Secondly, once an author has been taken on, the editor sees the book through its various stages of production to publication. The first of these tasks is largely a matter of taste; the second of technique. Another obvious split in the editor's role arises in the very different judgments and methods used in the selection and editing of non-fiction as opposed to fiction. In some ways there is a strict division of labour between these two fields, but surprisingly often the same editor is responsible for both genres.

It is impossible to generalize about the selection of fiction when so many publishing houses judge novels by totally different criteria. At one extreme, there are a number of houses primarily interested in publishing literature (although in England there is no purely literary house that maintains the consistently high standards of, say, Suhrkamp in Germany), while at the other there are quite a few houses whose fiction lists consist mainly of novels that have no literary merit whatsoever. An editor at a literary house would claim that he will publish a novel of outstanding critical merit, alone, regardless of commercial prospects. And, this principle is rarely tested. And, normally, the editor is involved in balancing literary and commercial values in whatever proportion is characteristic of his particular house. In the balance which carries (or not) the imprimatur of the publisher (in Britain, Corgi, for example, the majority of novels are accepted more for their literary than for their commercial value. "But in a few titles," says Corgi's editor, "we look for considerable commercial possibilities so that the publication of these books, in effect, subsidizes all the books on the list which are likely to make a loss. Although the individual editor recommends the acceptance of a book, his proposal is usually ratified by the House of Editorial Committee." The editor will then negotiate the terms of a contract with the author.

When the final form of the book (and the title—which frequently an editor is able to improve) has been basically agreed, the manuscript is passed to those who prepare it for the printer and put it into House style (most publishers have evolved their own peculiar variations on the Oxford rules).

Since the editor is normally the main point of contact between the author and the publishing house, it is up to him to *sponsor* the author within the house, by trying to assure that his book is handsomely produced, effectively launched and well-sold. He will discuss the design of the book and the jacket with the production department; he will try to make the sales department share his enthusiasm for it; he will talk to the publicity department about promotional material and review lists; and, of course, he will also talk about the book to influential people outside the publishing house—columnists, literary editors, even reviewers. All this activity, both within the house (where the book competes for attention with all the other books on the list) and outside the house (where the book competes for attention with the roughly 25,000 other titles which are published in any given year), is aimed at creating the best possible climate for the book to be as seriously read, if it is to be so, as the editor believes, to succeed. Literary editors of newspapers and journals, for example, are notoriously often rightly suspicious of publishers' editors who attempt to draw a book to their attention. Unfortunately, too many editors "push" the books on their list indiscriminately. This makes it difficult for an editor who enthuses about only those books he really cares for.

Frequently, the effort which an editor puts into the publication of a novel bears little relation to its potential profitability. This is because he is far more concerned with the writer's long-term success than with the immediate success of any particular book. The editor's relationships with his writers comprise probably the most crucial aspect of his job. These should be full-time relationships, and not just ones which spring up as and when each new manuscript is delivered. There are authors who desperately want to talk about what they are writing; there are others for whom mere talk would be disastrous. Although the editor may run a tremendous risk by asking to see a portion of a work in progress (an unfavourable response could make it impossible for the author to continue to do so), since his early editorial advice could be vital. Even the most successful and established writers can go through periods of shattering insecurity, and often it is only the editor's encouragement and enthusiasm which will help. A corollary of this proposition occurs when an editor feels that a book is such a mistake that he must advise the author simply to put it away—the extreme test of the author/editor relationship.

This relationship is not usually as deep or dependent in the field of non-fiction, where books tend to be made rather than born. Today, it is

CHARLES A. MADISON: *Book Publisher*

The English reader or writer would gladly know more about American publishing. Admiration, bewilderment and a dash of cynicism are the common reaction. It is easy to admire the size and quantity of American books, their price and the prices their publishers are prepared to pay for authors, to wonder at the extraordinary variety of subject matter or the apparently meaningless demands of editors—and yet to feel that perhaps it isn't so very different after all. However separate the American and English national experience has been in the past two centuries, for almost as long before there was a single literature, and (however misleading it may be at times) there is still the common language. The book business in pre-Revolutionary days was largely a question of importation from Britain, at least so far as the writing was concerned. Manufacture was a different affair. A surprising amount of local printing was done, no doubt partly to save transportation costs, in a remarkable variety of styles, from the new books, "London printed: Philadelphia re-printed" almost indistinguishable from the British originals, to the almost medieval production of the Penn Duane bibles and hymn-books. But with the Revolution came a number of cardinal changes, and that difference of outlook that sometimes leads one to wonder if American and English aren't two quite different languages.

The first of these was a basic opposition to the copyright principle, on the grounds, still voiced as late as 1870 by the conservative Harpers, that

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EXPERIENCE
Hill. £5 0s. 6d.

the President's signature, and even now there are a number of loopholes. But there it is: the first attempt to claim universal ownership of ideas and to dispossess the private author lasted no more than a century.

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DELIGHT UPON DELIGHT
Rita F. Snowden

One of the greatest joys of Rita Snowden's life has been books. Not

This seems to me the best book that Mr. Montgomery Hyde has yet produced. *Dingle Fool*. SUNDAY TIMES
An attractive and highly readable work. TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Written in Mr. Hyde's usual flowing style, accurate and comprehensive. THE FINANCIAL TIMES
Mr. Hyde recounts this affair fully and fairly and narrates readily the legal and political achievements of a man of great vitality and ambition. THE SCOTSMAN



Rita F. Snowden

One of the greatest joys of Miss Snowden's life has been books. Now she pays tribute to her beloved book in full as she draws from her treasure house selections of prose and poetry that have delighted her over the years.

June Johns

This moving story of an English woman's compassion for a crippled African boy and her faith in bringing him to England at her own expense to be cured makes inspiring reading. 21s net

Alan Stephens

A delightful account of that now rare and much loved motor car the Austin 7, the treasured possession of country ministers. Humorously written and superbly illustrated, it tells of the joys, frustrations, and breathtaking moments that only motoring in a personality vehicle can provide.

Ronald Mason

This is not 'just another cricket book' but a delightful collection of essays and reminiscences brilliantly written. 25s n

Sabra Holbrook
In this charming story a young West Indian lad learns the intricacies of growing up through the exploits of his mischievous pet. Illustrated 12s 6d

EPWORTH PRESS

Bibliography and Typography

RULES FOR OVERRULING

Hart's Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford. 141pp. Oxford University Press. 15s.

In March, 1893, when he had been for some ten years Controller of the Clarendon Press, Horace Hart printed a large-folio broadside of *Rules for display in his composing room*. The rules were "for the compositors' convenience", but the printer's readers were "instructed" to observe them. A month later Hart printed a twenty-four page paperback booklet in 16mo, elaborating the rules. The booklet was intended solely for domestic use, but the demand outside Oxford was so insistent that in 1904 an enlarged fifteenth edition was put on public sale. By 1957, after many revisions by many hands, the *Rules*, still in 16mo, had grown to 144 pages, and had reached—if the original system of numbering had been adhered to—a thirty-eighth printing. The latest edition, called the thirty-seventh, is larger again, both in wordage and format. With so extensive a circulation the press can justly claim that "in printing and publishing houses Hart is a household word".

Printers' house styles move with, or a little behind, the fashions of language and scholarship. When he took over at Oxford, Hart found certain conventions that conflicted with the views of James Murray, the genius of what was then known as *N.E.D.*, a work on which the Clarendon Press was already engaged. The press's style, except in the Bible, had omitted the medial *e* in *judgement* and in three similar words. Murray protested (and Hart printed the protest as a footnote) that this omission was "vulgar and unorthodox"; it was, against all analogy, etymology, and orthodoxy. . . . I think the University Press ought to set a scholarly example, instead of following the ignorant to do ill, for the sake of saving four s.

In this instance the printer deferred to the lexicographer. But to Murray's preference for the then fashionable *Shakespeare* Hart replied, in a footnote, that the press was already committed to *Shakespeare*. Time has justified him. By 1933, when Murray's *N.E.D.* (*Shakespeare* and all) was reprinted under its new title of *O.E.D.*, Oxford's lexicographers had undergone a conversion: the same year saw the first *S.O.E.D.* re-immortalize the bard as *Shakespeare*.

Today Hart's original rules seem to be nicely blended of ancient and modern. *an herb*? But he was in advance of his age when he laid down:

Quotation marks.—Single "quotes" to be used for the first quotation; then double for quotations within a quotation.

This convention has in recent years been regarded in many of the higher class book-printing houses as aesthetically preferable to "double quotes".

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Fiction

CRIMINUSCULE

JOAN AIKEN: *The Ribs of Death*. 224pp. Gollancz. 21s.

In Joan Aiken's fourth thriller her main creature, the two-year-old novelist Aulis, is nearly a fully-developed novelist's character, too complicated in her attachments to the woman doctor, the casual American, for her allotted part in this otherwise fairly ordinary Cornish thriller. It is usually a matter of regret when a thriller-writer goes straight, but in Joan Aiken's case, it might well not be.

AGATHA CHRISTIE: *Endless Night*. 224pp. Collins. 18s.

It really is bold of Agatha Christie to write in the persona of a working-class boy who marries a poor little rich girl, but in a pleasantly gothic story of gipsy warnings she brings it all off, together with a nicely melodramatic final twist.

NIGEL FITZGERALD: *Affairs of the Death*. 192pp. Collins. 16s.

Nigel Fitzgerald brings to the straight detective story a freshness now regrettably rare. His Irish settings are unforced and unfey, his detective Duffy unidiosyncratic, and his stories are pleasant reading apart from an always decently constructed puzzle. This one is about a presently wifeless actor who visits old friends in the west; the murders have a literally—nasty smell of witchcraft, and the guilty one is well concealed.

DICK FRANCIS: *Blood Sport*. 230pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

Dick Francis is good, in fact among the best, and this new book rivals his last and excellent *Flying Finish*. The reader need not share Mr. Francis's perennial interest in horse-racing to become absorbed in guessing why three world-famous stallions should be stolen, since they can't be gloated over secretly like pictures or, presumably, profitably exploited.

ISABEL TAIN: *The Cherry Death*. 183pp. John Long. 11s.

An amiable, nicely made story about the tyrant of a Scottish village and her sudden death while judging cherry-cakes at the local Rural, the next time Miss Tain should reveal the revelation by final letter and jacket should not display a late date.

WILLIAM HAGGARD: *The Conspirators*. 184pp. Cassell. 21s.

Anyone who accepts the peculiar Haggard outlook, which is disdainfully established, will enjoy the latest froth of the mixture, concerned with protecting Anglo-American relations with a Patomans situation right here on the coast of Devon.

MARIA LANG: *Death Awaits Thee*. 189pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.

The conventional English detective story, with our heroine holding a watching brief and nearly all the characters nice people; only this time it is by Swedish Maria Lang, and embellished by its setting in the eighteenth-century Drottningholm opera house.

ELIZABETH LEMARCHAND: *Death of an Old Girl*. 240pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s.

School stories for the young have almost vanished, but remain a solid strain for detection readers, who will enjoy this first novel by an ex-headmistress about murder at an Old Girls' reunion. Experience will no doubt bring Miss Lemarchand to tighter plot and better integration of red herrings.

DONALD MACKENZIE: *Death is a Friend*. 230pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

Three middle-class crooks plan a large heaving one of them with betrayal in mind from the start. The pace is somewhat ponderous.

achieved. The type-face used is Kiddy-reading-sized.

OSMINGTON MILLS: *Death Enters the Lists*. 222pp. Geoffrey Bles. 18s.

On an old-people's council-house estate in Midshire lives redoubtable Miss Priscilla, autocratic, progressive, aristocratic, and foster-mother to the byblows of her erstwhile wife, a lioness to protect them when all people around are fully felled and the young people could too easily be involved: a pleasant story.

GIL NORTH: *Sergeant Cluff and the Day of Reckoning*. 239pp. Corgi. 21s.

Certainly Gil North's Cluff books are an acquired taste. The reader must accept some Cold-Comfort-Farm overwriting as well as vital resolutions made in half-spoken sentences between taciturn north-country folk who know each other too well to spill anything out. All this accepted, these Gunnarsham stories have an individually pungent flavour, and never more than this time when it is Cluff himself who falls under various kinds of suspicion.

DELL SHANNON: *Coffin Corn*. 254pp. Gollancz. 21s.

Dell Shannon is something of the El Mc Bain of California, the same multiplicity of cases in each book, the same determined racial tolerance in a deliberately mixed bunch of police detectives. But he or she is softer, less the tough professionalism of Mc Bain and compensates with more domestic touches.

ISABEL TAIN: *The Cherry Death*. 183pp. John Long. 11s.

An amiable, nicely made story about the tyrant of a Scottish village and her sudden death while judging cherry-cakes at the local Rural, the next time Miss Tain should reveal the revelation by final letter and jacket should not display a late date.

JON CLEARY: *The Long Patrol*. 256pp. Collins. 21s.

A few years nearer to the end of the last war, *The Long Patrol* would be a surprising book to encounter. Now it seems a little odd to be reading again of a mixed group of people escaping from the Japanese after the fall of Singapore. Still, Jon Cleary's name warrants a good story.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

cert life of the past half-century, anecdotes about contemporaries—not every one of these is right in detail, e.g., the story of Hugh Allen and Douglas Fox. The book is marred however by a tiresome construction that employs flashbacks and by an execrable, sometimes ungrammatical, literary style. Even that however cannot wholly spoil the account of the central episode, Leon Cioossens's heroic and successful efforts to reclaim his instrument from scratch in his middle-sixties.

Drama
The Complete Plays of William Wycherley. Edited with an Introduction, Notes and Variants by Gerald Weales. 534pp. New York University Press. London: University of London Press. £3 10s.

Gerald Weales presents Wycherley to the modern reader in an acceptable text based upon the earliest editions, with notes both enlightening and enlivening. He looks quizzically at the critics, whom he finds pursuing his author down mutually exclusive ways. His own solution is to give primacy to no one character and no one set of values in the plays. The intelligent modern reader should be able to find a place for the amoral Horner, and will not understand Wycherley the better by concentrating on Manley, the stern castigator of vice, or on the fitting feminine figures of Christina and Fidelia. He must accept them all, and enjoy an ambiguity which is central to Wycherley's work. If the vogue-word "ambiguity" suggests that there is something pompous or recalcitrant about Professor Weales's preface, nothing could be farther from the truth. He meets the reader on easy colloquial terms. A deep concern for the practical theatre makes him quick to acknowledge Wycherley's command of stage techniques. He finds him providing endless opportunities for the actor, while contriving to ensure that his comic turns are not without thematic relevance.

History
BUCHANAN, R. A. *The Industrial Archaeology of Bristol*. 20pp. Bristol: Historical Association. 3s.

Bristol is rich in evidences of its industrial past. In pursuit of this relatively new line in local history, Mr. Buchanan searches out the visible remains of the older industries, in the port (which was used by the Romans), the Bristol coalfield, and among survivals of the metal and textile industries, the old forms of transport, and so on.

FOX, LEVI. *A Country Grammar School*. 204pp. Oxford University Press. 35s.

The governors of Ashby-de-la-Zouch Grammar School, having decided to celebrate the school's 400th birthday by the publication of its history, made a thorough job of it by inviting Dr. Levi, an Old Boy of the school and an experienced antiquarian and research historian, to write it and Mr. Vivian Ridler to print it at the University Press, Oxford. The result is a handsome book, good to look at and to handle and splendidly informative in the detailed sense that only a sound parochial book can be. The many pages of appendices, including School Accounts 1594-1768, are also to be admired.

MURTY, K. SATCHIDANANDA (Editor). *Readings in Indian History, Politics and Philosophy*. 392pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.

Professor Satchidananda Murty enjoys a considerable reputation as a philosopher, and it is as a philosopher rather than as an historian that he has made this selection of readings. His aim, he writes, is to present a panorama of Indian history and a conspectus of the socio-political and religio-philosophical thought of his country. To a large extent this aim is fulfilled; but it is not easy to see exactly what type of audience the author had in mind when he made this compilation. That there is need for a good source book of Indian history is beyond doubt; the student has no handy compilation of extracts from original sources—except, perhaps, to a limited extent, Elliot and Dowson, how sadly in need of enlargement—from which he can learn the interpretation of documents and the handling of historical material. But this book does not meet such a need; as the author

admits, the selections are from modern Indian writers only. It can hardly be assumed that Professor Murty has a western reader in mind; for in this case he would surely have quoted from the writings of western historians and philosophers who have done so much to explain both Indian history and Indian outlooks.

There is an interesting appendix dealing with the results of the 1967 General Election, which rather underestimates the real shock which was administered to the power of the Congress. Most unfortunately, there is no index—an omission which seriously limits the use of the volume as a reference book.

Humour
GRAHAM, *To the Office and Back*. 64pp. Geoffrey Bles. 16s.

If the curate, the tactless child and the lawnmower had not existed already as subjects for the cartoonist's humour Graham would probably have invented them. He likes the conventional jokes. As it is, he can devote all his inventiveness to finding fresh fun in the familiar embroilments of middle-class life. This new collection of his work, for *Punch* shows how delightfully successful he is.

Librarianship
CORRIGAN, PHILIP. *An Introduction to "Seas List of Subject Headings"*. 94pp. Clive Bingley. 21s.

Another programmed text in the series for students in the "Library and Information Science" series edited by C. D. Batty of the College of Librarianship, Wales. Cataloguing can really only be learnt by doing it, and Mr. Batty points out in his foreword to his colleague's work on dictionary cataloguing based on the ninth edition of Sears, new techniques of education, such as programmed instruction, can usefully be applied to such branches of library science.

FOSKETT, A. C. *A Guide to Personal Indexes*. 80pp. Clive Bingley. 18s.

A practical manual on the uses of edge-notched and optical coincidence (peck-a-boo) cards for personal files—of research workers, information officers and others who keep track of periodical literature, pamphlets and the like. Mr. Foskett, Senior Lecturer in the College of Librarianship, Wales, gives into all aspects of the subject, advice on the choice of system, cites some useful reference books and definitions and adds a list of name-number couplings as an appendix. Suppliers of each type of card are also given.

STAVLEBY, RONALD, MCLWAIN, T. C., and MCLWAIN, JOHN H. ST. I. *Introduction to Subject Study*. 288pp. André Deutsch. 35s.

The authors have here revised their much appreciated students' manual *Notes on Subject Bibliography* (1962), and have extended its scope to take in classification, thus matching the pattern of relating these two subjects in the School of Librarianship at University College London. The insistence on the need to get away from the old "restrictive departmentalism" of knowledge, and to recognize the shifting frontiers of the different subjects in all fields, is stimulating and to the point.

Medicine
ROUSSE, BERTON. *A Field Guide to Disease*. 146pp. Gollancz. 21s.

A dreary exposition of relatively unimportant facts about some of the more exotic diseases of the world. The "world traveller", for whom it is said to be written, would be well advised to look elsewhere for medical advice.

Natural History
GARMIS, HARRY. *The Natural History of Europe in Colour*. Edited by A. Melditis and Joyce Pope. Illustrated by Wilhelm Eigener. 1.357pp. Paul Hamlyn. 35s.

The plants and animals most frequent in Europe including Great Britain, from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean, have been arranged according to the habitats in which they are most likely to occur. Sections dealing with woods and forests, heaths and moors, mountains, fresh and salt water, fields and gardens, animals, a wide range of plants and animals, including mammals, birds, fish, insects and reptiles to be named. The coloured illustrations, though good on

the whole, vary somewhat in quality, but thumbnail sketches of diagnostic characters often assist identification. An illustrated glossary, together with a bibliography and full index complete the volume.

Philately
The Commonwealth Catalogue of Queen Elizabeth Postage Stamps. 1968. 439pp. Urrch, Harris and Co., Bristol. 21s.

Apart from inevitable additions as new issues continue to arrive, the Great Britain section has been completely rewritten and presents a fully illustrated guide to all Queen Elizabeth II issues and is, as usual, especially good on the more important constant flaws. Editorial policy is to list all Commonwealth stamps irrespective of the circumstances of issue in order to present a comprehensive catalogue. Explanatory notes are given in those cases where doubts exist about the stamps being generally available to the public, as distinct from purely philatelic availability at enhanced prices.

Stanley Gibbons Priced Postage Stamp Catalogue. Part One: *British, Commonwealth, Ireland and South Africa*. 1968. 613pp. Stanley Gibbons. 35s.

With this edition, Part One falls into line with Parts Two and Three by being in the three column format. Pricing, apart from general revision, includes prices for sets of stamps from about 1880, these averaging 10 per cent discount on the prices for the same stamps listed singly. New country names in this edition are Botswana (formerly Bechuanaland Protectorate), Guyana (British Guiana), Lesotho (Basutoland) and the new stamp-issuing sultanate of Mahr. Rewriting of existing lists has affected the British issues of King Edward VII and George V, the ship types of Bermuda, Malaysia (in part) and the issues of the former Southern Nigeria.

New, A. S. B. *The Observer's Book of Postage Stamps*. 239pp. Frederick Warne. 6s.

Uniform with the popular "Observer's Book" series, this volume essays an approach to postage stamps from the point of view of design, in anticipation of awakening interest to the point where the readers become stamp collectors. This is preceded by a short but lucid chapter on the various methods of stamp printing, an understanding of which allows an informed approach to the problems of design. In all, 490 different stamps are illustrated, each one being subject to an assessment of design. A refreshing book about stamps with stamp collecting almost an afterthought. Notes on stamp-issuing countries and a very brief glossary of philatelic terms are useful additions to the text.

WILLIAMS, L. N. and M. *Commemorative Stamps of Great Britain*. 206pp. Arco Publications. 45s.

Sub-titled "1890-1966", this is an account of commemorative postal stationery (beginning with the 1890 Jubilee of Uniform Penny Post-cards and envelopes) and ending with Britain's first Christmas stamps, in 1966. It would have been better to follow the story of each issue with

relative technical data instead of grouping the latter at the end of the volume and the cost could have been held down by the omission of a good deal of matter which has appeared in *Philatelic* in many other general handbooks on stamp collecting, despite which it is fair to say that this is a useful book capable of rapid development in view of the current output of British commemorative stamps.

Religion
COGGAN, DONALD. *The Prayers of the New Testament*. 190pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

This very worthwhile book is precisely described by its title. It is not a book about prayer in general, nor about prayer in the New Testament, but a careful and scholarly exposition of the actual prayers which are recorded, however long or short they may be. In each case Dr. Coggan prints the Authorized Version as well as that of the New English Bible, and then, using all the resources of the scholar and of his own devout mind, he expounds the text; but he has always in mind the kind of reader who may not be used to such books, and therefore writes simply. Many will be glad to have the book.

One could perhaps wish that Dr. Coggan had allowed himself more than the three pages he uses for an introduction, so that he might have said a little about the questions that are asked about prayer, and possibly about prayers that are not spoken, or about mysticism, a subject which seems to be attracting attention recently in surprising quarters. But no doubt he saw that to do so would have made it a different book, and having got what he wrote we have no real cause to complain that it was not something else. It may be added that again and again the book allows the reader to see, below the surface, the life of a bishop from an intimate and unfamiliar point of view.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The following have recently appeared in new editions: *Amos and Walton's Introduction to French Law*, edited by F. H. Lawson, A. E. Anton and L. Neville Brown (412pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press: 1936); *The Keynesian Revolution* by Lawrence R. Klein (288pp. Macmillan, £2 2s.) which first appeared in 1966; *Lords of Life: A History of the Kings of Thailand* by Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Thailand (352pp. Alvin Redman, £2 10s.) which first appeared in 1960; *A Dynamic Theory of Forward Exchange* by Paul Einzig (601pp. Macmillan, £4 10s.) which first came out in 1961; *The Shell Guide to Ireland* by Lord Kilian and Michael V. Duignan (512pp. Ebury Press, £2 10s.), a revised edition of the version which was first published in 1962; *Indian Rock Paintings of the Great Lakes* by Selwyn Dewdney and Kenneth E. Kidd (191pp. Published for the Quebec Foundation by the University of Toronto Press, London: Oxford University Press, £2 8s.); it originally came out in 1962.



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